General Miscellany.

HARVEST.

All day we set the sheaves in shining rows,
And capping them, hung fringes of dull gold
About their heavy brows; and at the close
Watched the wood-shadows their dark wings unfold,
Hovering them, and said: So may we rest
In covert of soft plumage, happy when
From the blue East, lit by her silvery crest,
Tender as south winds in the blossomy glen,
Peace comes again.

But what of those slain lilies, whose best yield
Was the faint perfume clinging to our hands
As went we up and down the sun-swept field,
Twisting them heedless in the wheaten bands?
Their wealth was safe in unseen garners stored;
To subtle essence changed, they gained their quest.
Said we: If immortality so sweet reward
Service of sacrifice, then are we blest
Losing life's best.

For so did reapers slay our hopes' high blooms;
Reckless of tears and pleading, till they lay
Languishing smothered, 'mong the dusty glumes,
When the swift binders blithely passed that way
And glancing on them, pitied—and so caught
Sweets that will linger with them evermore.
Thus hath experience fragrant memories brought
Into our hearts, making for us rich store
Of harvest lore.

Then homeward going by the bridge that spanned
The slimy stream, faint, after toil and heat,
The mist-wraith soothed us with her delicate hand
Cool on our brows, and dewy to our feet
The red-tops' ragged plumelets lightly bent
In welcome; and red robins kept the door.
We said: "They are good signs to us"—and went
In 'neath the woodbine shadowing the floor,
Happy once more.

MISS TWITTER'S CONSPIRACY.

Years ago I had a young person in my service called Annabel Brown. The Brown was not, of course, surprising in a parlor-maid, but the Annabel was; and the more so when the cook made Hannibal of it, who I need not remark was a gentleman and a general. For my part, I would not encourage such a name at all in her position, but called her plain "Annie," with which she was quite content. She was an orphan; but I had known both her parents, and very honest, good folks they were, with plenty of commonsense too, so that it could not have been they, but her "godfather and godmothers in her baptism," as the service says, who gave her such an outlandish name—for Christian I can't call it. She was a modest girl, who, if she had a fault in dress, was given to extreme simplicity; indeed, some of my visitors used to say: "So you have got a Quakeress, I see," which was, of course, ridiculous; for though one does not want one's servants to be chatterboxes, one likes one's questions to be 'answered by something more than "Yes" or "No," to which, I believe, the vocabulary of the Friends is limited. Moreover, though I am not a great lady, nor anything like it, it was not likely I should permit my parlor-maid to "thou" and "thee" me, and far less my guests. However, what with the meekness of her manners and the simplicity of her attire, Annabel Brown might have sat for Mrs. Fry, supposing that good lady to have ever been eighteen and a beauty. Annie had brown hair, very silken and plentiful; and a soft, rather alarmed expression of face, which, if it did not suggest modesty, was the most hypocritical mask that ever woman wore. Her movements were quick, but noiseless; and altogether she reminded one of a mouse. Like a mouse, however, she was not as regards purloining, even so much as a rind of cheese. I could have trusted her with untold gold; and when I had a new bonnet or other piece of finery, I felt as certain that Annabel Brown would never try them on even, to see how she looked in my cheval-glass, as though I had kept them under lock and key. Finally and above all she had no followers; or, at all events, they followed her at such a distance that they never came within view of my windows, and I have pretty long sight for such gentry.

I need not say that Annie was a constant church-goer, and as sure as Sunday came round, always went "to hear the Word" (that was her phrase, though she was by no means a canter) twice a day, whether it was wet or fine. In the evenings she never went out, not even on week-days, which itself spoke volumes in her praise. She had no friends in town, she said, in explanation of this phenomenon. She was the only maid I ever had who never asked leave to pass an evening with her "friends" or "cousins." Well, being such a pattern of propriety, you may imagine my astonishment on seeing her come home from church one day accompanied by a young man, who left her at the front door (my area gate is always locked on Sunday) with a bow that would not have disgraced Lord Chesterfield.

Though a fine morning, it had turned out wet, and I noticed, with a little distress of mind, that the umbrella which he was holding over her with much apparent solicitude was a handsome silk one; the man himself, too, had an alarmingly genteel appearance. I made sure that Annie would explain this unprecedented circumstance without any inquiry on my part; and when some hours passed by without her doing so, the matter appeared to me all the graver.

Accordingly, at night, when she was assisting me in my room, I broached the subject myself.

"Annie," said I, "I was very much surprised to see you come home from church this morning accompanied by a stranger. How did that happen?"

"Well, ma'am, it was very wet," returned she (with a simplicity that would have quite disarmed me, even if I had entertained any indignation against her, which I did not; I only felt angry with *the man*), "and as I had no umbrella, the gentleman, who was at church himself, kindly offered to see me home."

"Annie," said I solemnly, "do not imagine that men—and especially *gentlemen*—only go to church as you do, to say their prayers. I once heard a great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, divide 'church-goers' into a number of classes, some of which were of a very unsatisfactory sort. Among others there was the 'umbrella Christian,' as he termed it—the man who goes into a church merely to save his hat or get out of the rain."

"But please, ma'am, this gentleman *had* an umbrella," observed Annabel Brown.

I thought it rather pert, and very unlike herself, that she should argue with me on this matter, but still I was determined not to lose my temper.

"In this particular case that may have been so," said I; "but he might have gone to church with a wrong motive, for all that. To my eyes he did not look a suitable person for a young woman in your position to be walking with. He left you at the front door, and he may have been mistaken as to your condition in life. Did you inform him of it?"

"No, ma'am."

Annabel Brown was certainly too Quakerish; any other girl would have seen with half an eye that I was really solicitous (for her own sake) to know what the man *had* said to her; yet all that I could get out of Annie was, "No, ma'am." It was not treating me, I thought, with the confidence that my conduct toward her had merited. She might have been more open—like that silk umbrella.

Next Sunday was a fine one, and yet, if you will believe me, Annie came home again escorted by that very man! I had gone to church myself, and returned as usual, some minutes after her; but cook informed me—with rather a malicious grin, I thought—that such had really been the case. I had not put the question; I had merely asked whether Annie had come in, feeling pretty sure, however, that she had, and was gone up-stairs to take off her things, which was the case.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, she 'ave come in. I only wonder her friend didn't come in with her, he seemed so very much attached."

"What friend?" asked I, with assumed indifference.

"Oh! pray, ma'am, don't ask me; Hannibal, I know, is such a pattern! Otherwise I *should* have said as 'ow he was a follower."

"And what sort of a man was he, cook?"

"Oh! quite a gentleman to *look at*; fine feathers make fine birds to them as can see no further." And cook looked as if she could see a great deal further, and, among other things, the house robbed, and her mistress's throat cut, in no distant perspective.

But I did not fear for anything, except upon Annie's account, and resolved at once to give her a good "talking to."

"Now, my good girl," said I, having summoned her into the drawing-room, "this matter must be put a stop to at once. I will not have that man come to this house again. Don't say 'What man?' because you know who I mean perfectly well. I mean the umbrella-man."

"Please, ma'am, he had no umbrella to-day."

She was so simple that I felt quite ashamed of being angry with her.

"Umbrella or not," said I, "he shall not come here. A man without a name—and with much too good an address—is perfectly scandalous."

"Please, ma'am, his name is Trevelyan."

"Then that is much too good for *you*," answered I. "You have a nice manner and appearance of your own, and they have evidently deceived him; and no good can come of such a misunderstanding to either of you. Do you understand me?"

"Mr. Trevelyan knows, ma'am, that I am but a servant," observed Annabel gently, and with a little blush.

"Then the more shame for him," said I sharply. "Mind, from this moment, never walk with him, or you leave my service."

Annabel Brown lowered her head in respectful assent; she would have said "Yes, ma'am," if she could, but the tears were fast falling down her pretty cheeks. I was very sorry for her, but I felt sure that I was doing my duty by her, and did not relent.

The next Sunday she came home alone. She had been very depressed throughout the week, but going to church seemed to do her good, for she looked much more cheerful. My impression was that she had seen him, and got rid of him; and in doing so had discovered the wisdom of such a proceeding. He had shown his hand—with the false cards in it—and she knew him for a cheat and deceiver, and was glad to have escaped tolerably heart-whole.

She was not so much to be pitied, however, after all, my gentle reader, as you will hear; so please to reserve your compassion for the persons who really suffered. Mr. Trevelyan at once proceeded to transfer his attentions to *me*.

The very next morning, Annie, looking rather white, but quiet as usual, brought up a card into the drawing-room. "This gentleman wishes to see you for a few minutes, if you are disengaged, ma'am."

"Mr. Arthur Trevelyan!" exclaimed I, reading the printed name; "why, that's never *your* Mr. Trevelyan?"

She was about to say "Yes, ma'am," but putting on what was for her a bold face, answered, "Well, I hope he will be mine, ma'am."

The next moment he was in the room, and Annnie had shut the door, leaving me alone with this Don Giovanni. I am bound to say he was a very good-looking, gentlemanly person, and with anything but an impudent air.

"I have ventured to call upon you, madam, with relation to Annabel Brown, who is, I believe, at present your parlor-maid."

"Well, sir," said I, very stiff and formal.

"I thought it would be only courteous to let you know that she would be leaving you, probably before the month is up, in order to become my wife. If, as she says, you forbid us to meet, I shall take her even earlier, as I find it impossible to exist without her society—at all events on Sundays."

"Take her earlier—make her your wife!" reiterated I; "this is quite incomprehensible to me, sir; why you have not seen her half a dozen times!"

"Nevertheless, madam, it is my intention to marry her, and that at once. She is of age, she tells me, and there is nothing to prevent it."

"But there is surely a great difference of social position, Mr. Trevelyan. You have the air and manners of a gentleman; while *she*——"

"Forgive me, madam, for interrupting you, but I am sure you are yourself too much a gentle*woman* to say anything derogatory of the person I have selected for my bride."

He quite took my breath away, he was at once so proud and so polite.

"I am twenty-six years of age, madam," he went on, "and I know my own mind, and have an independent fortune. There is no sort of use in opposing our engagement, even if your kind heart would permit you to do so. The chief object of my calling upon you was, indeed, to request a personal favor of you in connection with our approaching nuptials. Annabel tells me that she has neither father nor mother, nor, indeed, any friend in London except yourself."

"That certainly was my belief," said I, "until lately."

Mr. Trevelyan only smiled at this significant reply.

"Well, madam, this being so, and you having reason, I believe, to be satisfied with Annabel as to her moral qualities, I come to ask of you the great favor of your giving her away at the altar."

"I give Annie away! and to *you*, a perfect stranger! Never!"

"My dear madam, I honor your scruples," returned the young man with a low bow (and I must say, for grace of manner I have seldom seen his equal); "but this is the address of my lawyers, and this of a parish clergyman in your vicinity, who will both vouch for my respectability and good family. Beyond these facts, and that I have sufficient means, independent of a profession, to support a wife, I don't feel called upon to speak."

Mr. Trevelyan seemed such a very nice young man, and I had such a true regard for Annabel, that, absurd as the proposition of my giving her away to him at first seemed, I finally came in to it, and about three weeks afterwards, they were married by special license. She was not at all puffed up by her good fortune, and though he gave her a great sum for her trousseau, she expended it with her usual quiet good taste. Annabel Brown was adapted for any position in life into which she happened to be thrown that did not require energy or powers of conversation, in which she was certainly deficient; and out of the fifty maid-servants that I have had in my service from first to last, she was the only one of whom I could say as much.

"But how," my readers may ask, "did Annabel get on after she became Mrs. Trevelyan?"

That I can't tell you, but I can tell you what happened to *me* in consequence, which is the terrible part of the whole story.

A stately carriage drove one day up to my door, and my new maid (a very different one from dear Annie) came running up the stairs in a state of great excitement. "Oh! mum, please, mum, there's a lord's coach at the door, and her ladyship wishes to see you."

"What's her name?" demanded I quietly; for I did not wish this grinning idiot to suppose that I was never called upon by members of the aristocracy.

"Here's her card, mum: the Lady Hallis Something or other."

"It is not your business to read visitors' cards," said I stiffly. "Show Lady Alice Trevelyan up."

The similarity of name with that of Annabel's husband of course struck me at once; yet I was totally unable to conjecture her business with poor insignificant me. I was not long, however, left in doubt. A tall, bony, stiff-backed woman of about sixty years of age presently sailed into the room.

"Miss Twitter, I believe?" said she.

"The same," replied I politely. "Will not your ladyship take a seat?"

"Certainly not," answered she snappishly. "I merely came to see that sort of person by whose nefarious assistance my unfortunate nephew has been entrapped into matrimony. This is the house, is it," said she, looking round my little drawing-room in a very depreciatory way, "where this *conspiracy* was hatched? In this vile hole you baited your trap, did you, for that innocent boy?"

"I am quite at a loss, madam, to know what you mean," said I (though I began to guess), "except you intend to make yourself offensive."

"You are right there, woman," she rejoined, acidly, "if you should never again be right in your life. It is the only consolation left to me, after the ruin of our house, to tell you to your face what I think of *you*. You are a treacherous, designing creature; you entered into a fraudulent conspiracy. Yes, I know it's actionable, if there's a witness; but if you dare to come near the bell, *I'll knock you down!* I say you conspired to seduce the affections of my nephew, the Honorable Arthur Trevelyan, heir-presumptive to the Earl of Manilands. I don't say you did it yourself; I wish you *had*, because then the probability is that the disgrace would only have lasted your lifetime; you employed a youthful accomplice, who passed as your maid-servant, it seems, and whose fatal charms overcame poor Arthur's scruples. It is my belief that you both ought to be hanged. Don't answer me; don't venture to speak to me, lest the sound of your hated voice should provoke me beyond all bounds! You were a witness to this atrocious marriage. I have read your foolish name in the register, you false, perjured, crafty, abominable woman! If I was not a lady born and bred, I don't know what I shouldn't call you!"

What she would have called me had she not been a lady of hereditary title, it is impossible to conjecture; she had an immense vocabulary of abuse even as it was, and she exhausted it.

"I shall come again and let you know what my opinion of you really is!" were her last words, which were perhaps the most terrible of all. She had nearly frightened me out of my wits as it was; and then the threat of that scene being repeated lay heavy on my soul for many a day, until my lease was out and I took another house.

Once, however, I saw Lady Manilands herself (for her husband's uncle died after a few years) going to court in the very quietest dress in which any lady ever did go there; she gave me a bow and a smile out of the carriage window, and that was all. She never called on her old mistress. It is my impression that in her heart she was not worthy of her husband. How they got on together I never heard, but what I have narrated is, I think, a lesson to mistresses against encouraging servant-maids to wed above their position. I have heard it said by prudent persons, "Never give anything away;" but above all I would impress upon all spinster ladies, "Never give a parlor-maid away in marriage to the heir-presumptive of an earldom, especially if he has an aunt who is touchy about the honor of the family."
—*Chambers' Journal.*

—Spiced Fruit.—Seven pounds fruit, three of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of each kind of spice.

—Mme. MacMahon, Presidentess of France, is attended by regularly appointed ladies of honor on state occasions.

Amazing Performance of French Dogs.

The surprising intelligence of a pair of dogs owned by a M. Rouil, is related in *Our Dumb Animals:* A large table was placed in the center of the room, and on it were laid some cards on which the letters of the alphabet were printed in large capitals. M. Rouil then told Blanche to spell *fromage* (cheese). She immediately picked out an F, R, and O, and then seemed to hesitate. "You only give us three letters; there are seven," said M. Rouil. Blanche then found M, A, G, E, and the word was complete.

She then performed the remarkable feat of correcting a mistake in orthography. Mr. Hamerton wrote the word *meson* on the slate instead of *maison* (house), and, on being asked where the error was, Blanche pointed to the letter "E," and then picked out an "A" and an "I."

In spite of her success, the animal seemed to accomplish her work with considerable effort, and made sounds of complaint. The authority of her master, although exercised with great gentleness, seemed irresistible as that of a magnetizer over his subject. Perceiving this, Mr. Hamerton suggested giving her a rest; and she was allowed to retire to a corner and enjoy some bonbons, while Lyda took her place on the table. Some numbers were now substituted for the letters of the alphabet. Several problems were written on the slate, which Lyda apparently solved without difficulty.

Her master then proposed trying a little mental arithmetic, and said, "If you had ten pieces of sugar, and met ten Prussian dogs, how many pieces would you, a French dog, give to each Prussian?" Lyda replied to this question by pointing out the zero with great energy. "And how," said the master, "if you were to share with me?" Lyda took the figure 5 and gave it to him. M. Rouil then went out for a moment, while Mr. Hamerton asked the dog for several numbers successively, which she brought without the slightest hesitation.

Blanche then came forward, and a pack of playing cards was spread on the table, M. Rouil holding another pack in his hand, and asking the company to choose a card from it. Without making any mistake, Blanche immediately brought the corresponding card from the pack on the table.

She then played a game of cards with a young lady, and was beaten, after which she took refuge in a corner, with an air of deep humiliation.

The most surprising feat of all came next. A pack of cards was spread in the next room, and the door nearly closed. M. Rouil told one of the guests to ask the dog, in a whisper, to fetch any card he chose to name. The ace of spades was called for. Blanche went in search of it, and immediately returned with the right card in her mouth.

Mr. Hamerton himself then examined the dog again in her literary acquirements, and she translate the word *chien* (dog) into English, and spelt the word *feu* (fire) without difficulty; but at this point M. Rouil interposed, and said gently, "That is very well for the singular, now give us the plural." Wonderful as it seems, Blanche at once picked out the letter X, and gave it to Hamerton.

This account is almost incredible, but the facts are vouched for by Mr. Hamerton, who, however, offers no satisfactory explanation of them. "If the dogs had been less clever," he says, "we might have believed in their actual knowledge; but they really knew too much. Being convinced that there was some communication between them and their master, I had invited several very intelligent friends to be present, telling them that my object was to discover the system of M. Rouil, and asking their assistance. They watched as closely as I did, but could discover nothing." During many of the performances M. Rouil stood before the fire-place at some distance from the dogs, and made no motion with either feet or hands, nor did he advance or retreat a single step. There could, therefore be no communication through the motions of his body. The dogs performed equally well when their backs were turned to their master, which forbids the supposition that they were guided by his eye. And the tones of his voice, though encouraging and exciting, as if he were speaking to a child, revealed nothing that could be interpreted as a method of communication. The only supposition left was that the dogs might be guided by the sense of smell; but, as M. Rouil stood at some distance from the table, and could not have known beforehand, what words would be called for, it was impossible that he should have touched the cards in any way to guide the dogs by the scent. The whole performance seems inexplicable.

Gilsey's Turtle.

A man named Gilsey, who by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of encumbrance, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver Brook Mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, a snapping-turtle sunning himself. The butt end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping-turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hills, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face and bare head, and dust-begrimed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said: "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late to church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—*Danbury News.*

Heroes at Home.

People who live on the outside of the charmed circle of letters, but who believe that the men and women that compose it are of a different mold from the rest of mankind, and who long to be permitted to penetrate the "rose hedge" and learn the facts of the Armida's garden for themselves, sometimes learn them too clearly for their dreams to be ever possible again. They have a favorite author—a poet, say, or a novelist. If a poet, he is probably one whose songs are full of that delicious melancholy which makes them so divinely sad; an æsthetic poet, a blighted being, a creature walking in the moonlight among the graves and watering their flowers with his tears; if a novelist, he is one whose sprightly fancy makes the dull world gay. A friend takes the worshiper to the shrine where the idol is to be found; in other words, they go to call on him, at his own house. The melancholy poet, "hidden in the light of thought," is a rubicund, rosy-gilled gentleman, brisk, middle-aged, comfortable, respectable, particular as to his wines, a connoisseur as to the merits of the *chef*, a *bon vivant* of the Horatian order, and for talk prone to personal gossip and feeble humor. The lively novelist, on the other hand, is a taciturn, morose kind of person, afflicted with a perennial catarrh, ever ready with an unpleasant argument, given to start disagreeable topics of a grave, not to say depressing nature, perhaps a rabid politician, taking gloomy views of the currency and despondent about our carrying trade. As for the women, they never do look the thing they are reputed to be, save in fashion and sometimes in beauty. A woman who goes to public meetings and makes speeches on all kinds of subjects, tough as well as doubtful, presents herself in society with the look of an old maid and the address of a shy school-girl. A sour kind of essayist, who finds everything wrong and nothing in its place, has a face like the full moon and looks as if she fed on cream and butter. A novelist who sails very near the wind, and on whom the critics are severe by principle, is as quiet as a Quakeress in her conversation and as demure as a nun in her bearing; while a writer of religious tracts has gowns from Paris and gives small suppers out of the proceeds. The public character and private being of almost every person in the world differ widely from each other; and the hero of history who is also a hero to his valet has yet to be found. Some people call this difference inconsistency, and some manysidedness; to some it argues shallowness, veneer, unreality, and is therefore unworthy of esteem; to others it is but the necessary consequence of a complex human nature, and a sign that the mind needs the rest of alternation just as much as the body. We cannot be always in the same groove, never changing our attitude or object. Is it inconsistency or supplement, contradiction or compensation? The sterner moralists and those whose minds dwell on tares, say the former; those who look for wheat even on the stony ground and among thorns, assert the latter. Any how, it is certain that those who desire ideals and who like to worship heroes would do well to content themselves with adoration at a long range. Distance lends enchantment and ignorance is bliss in more cases than one. Heroism at home is something like humanity in Brobdignag, and the undress of the domestic hearth is more favorable to personal comfort than to public glory. To keep our ideals intact, we ought to keep them unknown. Our goddesses should not be seen eating beefsteaks and drinking stout; our poets are best in print, and social small talk does not come like truths divine mended from their tongue; our sages and philanthropists gain nothing and may lose much by being rashly followed to their firesides. Yet, after all, a man's good work and brave word are in any case a part of his real self, though they may be very far from being the whole; and, even if he is not true metal all through, his gold, so far as it goes, counts for more than its alloy, and his public heroism overtops his private puerility.—*Saturday Review.*

The Fastest Time on Record—A House Built in a Day.

The newspapers in Lancaster, Penn., publish an account of the building of a brick dwelling-house in that city in ten and a half hours, the materials having been prepared and collected on the site previous to the commencement. The house is twenty feet by thirty on the ground floor, two stories in height, and contains eight rooms. There were in all upward of 100 workmen employed. The cellar foundation was already laid, and at precisely 6 o'clock in the morning the men went to work. The *Examiner* thus describes the labor:

"Mr. J. T. Reading, photographer, was present with his apparatus, and took views every fifteen minutes of the building and the workmen while in motion, which, of course, produced some ridiculous pictures—men, white and colored, in almost every position, are to be seen represented. At 8 o'clock a. m. the structure was advanced to the height of one story, with two floors—ground and second—laid, partitions in, and lathed and partly plastered, doors hung, stairways up, and a view taken with the doctor in the midst of his workmen. The scene is a busy and comic one—the bricklayers erecting scaffolding for the second story. 10 o'clock a. m., view taken of the western front on Prince street; second story brick-work two-thirds up, with carpenters ready to lay floor and plasterers commence lathing; western front painted and brick penciled of first story, and the masons run short of brick, and then some delay in consequence, but it was remedied in a short while.

"Eleven o'clock a. m., the bricklayers are up to square of ceiling for third floor, with corners raised to height required to receive the rafters for roofing. Tinners waiting. The process of white-coating is now about completed in the first story. 11:18 a. m., first rafter for the roof laid. At 12:11 the last brick was placed upon the chimneys, and the bricklayers are done. Roof sheathed and tinners begin to lay roofing. 12:50, scaffolding all removed from building. 2:30 p. m., sash in windows of first story and painters finished up; wash-boards down and rubbish cleaned away. At this writing the tinners are leaving the building; roofing and spouting completed. Plasterers still at work in the second story. The building has been insured, and in the course of a few hours will be ready for a tenant."